

AN ELEGY

On the Death of that most Laborious and Painful Minister of the Gospel

Mr. JOHN NORCOT,

Who fell asleep in the Lord the 24th of this instant March 1671.

How doth my troubled Soul amused stand,
On thoughts of God's most sore Chastising hand;
Let Heaven assist my Pen, and help indite
This Mournful Elegy I'm mov'd to write.

My grieved heart knows not what way to take,
Its love to shew and lamentation make.
David for Jonathan was sore distressed,
And in like sort has sorrow seiz'd my Best.
Beloved John is gone, dear *Norcot's* dead;
That *Man of God*, who hath so often fed
Our precious Souls with Manna from above:
Whose powerful preaching did ingage our love
To *Jesus Christ*. O! he had care and skill
To feed poor sou's and do his Master's will.
But is he from us also took away,
What breach still upon breach! Lord *Jesus* stay
Thy hand, such strokes are hardly born,
Here's cause for hundreds to lament and mourn.
The loss is great the Churches do sustain,
Poor sinners too like cause have to complain.
There's few like him surviving to arouse
Their sluggish souls out of their sinful drowse.
They now may sleep secure and not awake,
Until they fall into the *Stygian Lake*.
This *Golden Trumpet's* stop, 'twill sound no more,
To warn them of what danger's at their door.
To win sinners to Christ he did not spare
His strength nor time, thought nothing was too dear
To part with all, if any ways he might,
Their Souls turn from false ways unto the right:
Like as a Candle which much light doth give,
Doth waste it self, whilst from it we receive
Much benefit; so did he clear'y burn,
To the wasting of himself unto the urn.
This godly Preacher in a little space,
Much work did do, he swiftly run his race;
With's might perform'd what e'r he found to do.
God graciously did bless his work a' so,
Yea few (I think) have had the like success,
In turning sinners unto righteousness.
O were the worth of this good man but known,
It might produce an universal groan.
Let Brethren dear of different minds lament,
For he for you in prayers much time has spent;
He lov'd you all, though I have cause to fear,
The like affection some did scarcely bear.
'Twould pierce ones heart to think in such a time,
Obedience unto Christ should be a crime;
Or that offence should in the least be took,
'Cause from Gods word he durst not turn nor look.
He would own naught but what *thus saith the Lord*,
Add would not he nor minish from Gods Word.
Come let us live in love, we sh^d be,
When at his Port we all arrived be.
Let sinners mourn, who shall their souls repair,
Who for their Sou's so naturally did care,
Well may ye fear God will proclaim new wars,
When he calls home his choice Embassadors.
What may a *Sodom* look for from above,
When such who stood 'ith gap, God doth remove.

O tremble City, what is God about,
Look for new flames, thy *Towrs* are calling out.
And now chastized flock a word or two,
I've double sorrow when I think of you.
When that the Harvest doth for Reapers call,
To lose your Labourer, this wound's not small.
O who shall bear the burthen of the day,
If God doth take the Labourers thus away.
When *Pylots* die, how shall the Seaman fear,
'Mong' *st* Rocks and Sands, when stormes also appear.
Have we not cause to think the crafty Fox,
Will out abroad and prey upon the flocks.
And Ravening Wolves also will grow more bold,
And scare some silly Lambs out of the fold,
If God proceed to call the Shepherds home,
O what will of so many flocks become.
'Tth' midst of all, in this doth comfort lie,
The chiefest Shepherd lives when others die.
And he be sure who for the Sheep did bleed,
Will stick to them in times of greatest need.
Come cease your grief, don't you know very well,
The care God has of his own *Israell*.
And its no more which now is come to pass,
Then what by you some time expected was.
And what is done is but our Fathers will.
Therefore be silent, every one be still:
For should we yield to passion I have fears,
We should grieve Christ and wound our Souls with tears.
The narrow Sluces too of dribbling eyes,
Would be too streight for those great Springs that rise.
But since our Vessels fills up to the top,
Let's empty them, for every sin a drop.
For it lets wish we were compos'd of Snow,
Instead of Flesh, yea made of Ice, that so
We might in sense of sin and it loathing,
Melt with hot love to Christ, yea thaw to nothing.
And should our sins deprive our Souls of him,
Let tears run from our Eyes till Couches swim.
Yet let's not grudge him that most happy bliss,
Who now in glory with Christ *Jesus* is.
He did his work apace, his Race is run,
He's touch'd the Gole yea and the prize hath won.

AN EPITAPH.

A Sweet and godly Preacher doth lie here,
Who did his Master *Jesus* love so dear,
And sinners Souls, that he his strength did spend.
And did thereby ('tis thought) hasten his end,
He brought himself by preaching to the Grave,
The precious souls of sinners for to save.
He lies but here asleep, he is not dead:
To God he lives, to Christ his soul is fled,
And a're while must he awake again,
And evermore with Christ in glory reign. By E. K.